

APR 20 1909

# THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY

Entered as second class matter November 18, 1907, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL II

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1909

No 23

Mr. Gilbert Murray, who recently succeeded Mr. Bywater as Professor of Greek at Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture on January 27. It seems to have been a remarkable lecture in many ways and has been made the subject of favorable comment in many quarters, particularly, for example, in the London Nation. The Manchester Guardian prints some selections which are well worth reproduction:

But there is one great characteristic of the scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge which at the present day we should take care not to forget. If my memory does not deceive me, it was once described by the late Provost of Oriel. He pointed out that the English Universities, while they had not the great antiquity of Bologna and Montpelier, while they had not the enormous productiveness and professional finish of Berlin or Leipzig, had performed one remarkable and perhaps unique task; they had made the great Greek writers an integral element in our highest national culture, so that Homer and Sophocles and Plato were living forces continually working upon English thought, almost as our own Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton are. I believe that this is true, and that in some cases—in the case of Plato, for instance—a large part of an influence particularly strong at the present day is definitely due to the Oxford Greats School. I would go further. If you take English political thought and action, from Pitt and Fox onwards, it seems to me that you find always present, even in times of reaction, when repressive and authoritarian tendencies are strongest, certain mitigating and hopeful strands of feeling which are due—of course, among many other causes—to this permeation of Greek influence; an unquestioning respect for freedom of life and thought, a mistrust of passion and a confidence in *Sophrosyne*, a sure consciousness that the poor are the fellow-citizens of the rich, and that statesmen must, as a matter of course, consider the welfare of the whole State.

This widening of the borders of Greek study somewhat alters the position and the definite duties of a Professor of Greek. When I look about me in Oxford I am conscious that, in almost everyone of the great branches into which the knowledge of ancient Greece may be divided, I am in the presence of men whose knowledge and judgment is superior to mine. In philosophy, in history, in the various forms of archaeology, in philology and palaeography, there are men to whose knowledge mine is but the gropings of an amateur; yet all these subjects are necessary and essential parts of the study of Greek. It seems, indeed, that the subject of Greek literature, especially the poetical side of it, and of language in so far as it expresses literature, are the subjects that are chiefly set aside for the professor. But of all subjects these are, perhaps, the least able

to stand alone. The business of an interpreter of Greek literature is to understand the full meaning of the words uttered and written by great men, dead more than two thousand years ago. The palaeographer and the grammarian must help us to get the words right. And when we have got them their meaning will depend upon all kinds of other questions; the daily lives those men lived, the houses and cities they dwelt in, the historical changes through which they passed, above all on the beliefs and ideas which they received unconsciously from tradition or built up by the labor of their own brains. The Professor of Greek, it is evident, must depend at every turn upon the discoveries or the special knowledge of other workers in the wide field of Hellenic study. All Hellenists must needs work together at the large task that our generation has laid upon us.

To understand we must also feel. I would say emphatically of Greek literature what I heard Professor Andrew Bradley say in this room of Shakespeare—that the source of more than half our mistakes and failures in understanding is the habit of reading with a slack imagination. With a slack imagination no great poetry, no great philosophy, no movement of history, can ever be understood.

Professor Murray may be exaggerating the effect of Greek study upon English political life, but that it has been in large measure as he states, I think no unprejudiced person can deny. It is, in fact, a remarkable thing that that country, which has been the cradle and home of freedom for so many centuries, and which has been the mother of constitutional government for the world, should have been at the same time the country where classical study has always been an essential element in the culture of its governing class. The Continent has seen great scholars, beneficent and patronizing rulers, but it is true that classical scholarship has always been more or less an ornament there and not the companion of every-day life. There have been learned chancellors, cultured ministers and men of affairs, charged to the full with classical culture, on the Continent, but they have been largely individuals; while in England the class that has framed the British Constitution and developed it and defended it, the class that has broadened the limits of Britain throughout the world, whether it was Milton, or Raleigh, or Burke, has been the class with whom classical culture was congenial and one whose whole habit of thinking has been moulded and guided by the works of the men of old. It is this that the modern Philistine wants to do away with because

he has no knowledge of it and hence no sympathy with it, and it is this that in the course of time will be weakened if not wholly destroyed. But it will still be the glory of the Classics that even those who are its most determined foes have themselves been moulded insensibly by the very same influences which they would be the first to decry. I have been acquainted with many modern men of science who deny any belief in the Christian faith, but who still show in their actions the Christian virtues and but slight inquiry has demonstrated that their traditions for generations ago are responsible for their present practice. So it is with the classical tradition in England.

G. L.

#### THE HELVETIAN QUARTET

When Horace (C. 4. 9. 25-28) reminded Lollius so eloquently of the unknown battle-lines that had gone down to the grave, with no bard to herald their deeds to the future, there was one horde of unsung heroes of whom his Roman heart would have spurned taking cognizance. Not in the poetic haze of pre-Mycenaean ages either, but within such prosaic nearness to Horace's present as his own boyhood days, a race of warriors had all but passed away, unhonored in the world's category of famous names. The Gallic patriots who fought against Caesar had been splendidly worthy of a bard, but the Augustan Laureate would doubtless have regarded their admittance to his banquet-board as a *symphonia discors*.

Under the cursory stylus of the conqueror, the Gallic chieftains pass across the stage of action with the rapidity of moving pictures. Divico, a really great figure, is announced in Chapter 13 of Book I, and carries back Caesar's answer in the fourteenth Chapter to disappear forever. Rare is the Gaul that secures to his credit several pages of our modern text.

It is true, the nature of Caesar's narrative did not admit of enlargement upon the life and deeds of individual chieftains. His own *legati* are often dismissed with even greater brevity, though their valor and loyalty may well have justified a few sentences in laudation. Caesar's whole intent, as indeed Hirtius avers for him (8. Praef. § 5), was to present a concise, unembellished statement of his acts in Gaul, and, on the whole, his narrative is remarkably colorless and free from bias.

Yet, with all his excusable brevity, one cannot help feeling that Caesar, in his attitude toward the several insurgent leaders, is often heartlessly mute, at times even openly derogatory. It is quite evident that, from his standpoint, they were petty meddlers in the onward and inevitable march of Rome.

Caesar's opinions of his adversaries, however, were not wholly personal. They were rather the concentrated inbreeding of century upon century of

national abhorrence and hatred. Rome could never erase the memory of the Allia. Caesar but inherited a racial instinct, and, perhaps after all, we are spared much by the calm, simple style of his Commentaries. A more voluble writer, such as Cicero, would probably have grieved us at every turn. It is to Cicero, for instance, that we owe such expressions as he used in writing to his brother Quintus (1. 1. 27): *Galli, Afri, Hispani, inmanes ac barbarae nationes*. And Cicero may be taken as the standard of the Roman estimate of the Gauls when, in his *De Re Publica* (3. 9. 15), he represents them as one of a triad of nations whose composite presented the utmost of barbarity and savagery, placing them side by side with the mythic Tauri, who sacrificed alive all strangers that drifted to their shores, and, above all, with the Carthaginians, whom the Romans seem to have regarded as all but demons.

#### I.—ORGETORIX

(Liber I. 2-4)

With what sentiments Caesar assumed his responsibilities as Proconsul of Gaul and Illyricum, or whether in setting out for Ravenna there were ever moments when he paused to wonder what would be the outcome of it all Caesar does not say. Sentiments?—he seems almost devoid of them. To one who did not read long and deeply, he might seem utterly impressionless. The business-like way with which, apparently, he attacked every task presented to him, no matter in what province, finds its perfect mirror in the style of the Commentaries, and nowhere is this more strikingly evident than in the opening chapters. After a sweeping geographical survey, in itself a masterpiece of conciseness and yet entirety, he leaps outright into the discussion of his first great problem, and we are brought face to face with our first Gallic champion: 'Among the Helvetians by far the richest and noblest was Orgetorix'.

Caesar himself never saw the great popular leader of the Helvetians, for Orgetorix did not live to cross swords either literally or in diplomacy with the shrewd Italian. His great conspiracy was begun three years before Caesar's governorship. The latter's account of him is therefore at second-hand. The Helvetian invasion is Caesar's proper theme, but that invasion was strongly connected in his mind with the energetic character that had been its original and leading spirit. These first three chapters are strictly prefatory to the events that involved the Proconsul himself.

In Orgetorix we find a prominent example of the Gallic stamp—a clever politician, a skillful orator, a successful demagogue. In him, the first on Caesar's roster of Gallic chieftains, we find that fatal predilection to restlessness and inordinate ambition which has been the curse of Gallia's great men from the Helvetian down to the Napoleons. He was the pos-

essor of great natural abilities, a scion of one of the most aristocratic families, a popular favorite, and immensely rich—his slaves approaching ten thousand in number (1. 4), to say nothing of clients and debtors who, as Caesar elsewhere informs us (6. 13), were but one degree above the level of slaves.

The presumption from Caesar's language is that the government among the Helvetians was a form of democracy or at least an aristocracy, the system prevailing, it would seem, at that time throughout Gaul. That such was the case with the Helvetians we may gather from the fact that the plot of the three arch-conspirators was to seize the kingship in their respective states. As we know from definite statements that a democratic form of government was in force in the two other tribes, the analogy is rather plausible that the Helvetii too were a democracy. The contemplated revolution of Orgetorix is more likely to have been a plot to restore a disused monarchy than to dethrone and supersede a ruling king. Moreover, Orgetorix is stated to have been brought to trial by 'magistrates', whereas, had there been a monarchical regime, a king would very probably have been prime mover in suppressing the attempted treason and Caesar would doubtless have said as much.

We are left to conjecture as to the official relation Orgetorix himself bore to his countrymen. At first thought, the influence and control which he came to wield would seem almost too powerful, too absolute, for a private citizen, while, if he was their annual magistrate by election, his presidency was, of course, a powerful instrument in his hands for carrying out his ambitious designs. But had he been magisterial head of the nation, it is probable that Caesar would have said so. His statement, simply that he was 'the richest and noblest', is rather the portrait of a private individual, but of one so distinguished, so overwhelmingly wealthy, and with such an army of vassals as practically to have control over the politics of his tribesmen. Besides, the very fact of his trial by the magistrates rather precludes the possibility that Orgetorix could have been either the chief official or one of the chief, if magistracy among the Helvetians was anything like that of the *Vergobret* among the Haedui. His official station would doubtless have exempted him from such impeachment.

The hold which Orgetorix had obtained over the tribe eventually made him director and generalissimo of a great national emigration. We cannot wholly credit Orgetorix with originality in this project. It was no new thing for Celtic tribes to move about and make great incursions into neighboring or foreign territory. The ancient history of the people was a succession of such movements, and, though there may have intervened many long years of

quietude since the last migration, yet it was more or less a racial trait, a feature that constantly played into the trend of their native restlessness. The splendid transit of the Cimbri, half a century before, disastrous as had been its final outcome, must have left its influence upon the Gallic tribes, an example of what at least were the possibilities of such a policy to those who elected it. The Cimbri had probably swept around the insulated home of the Helvetii, offering to the latter, by reason of their exemption, that glamour of dramatic romance which often springs from distance. Yet more than that—two cantons of the Helvetii had actually been so impressed by the spectacle as to secede from the parent tribe and join the hords of marauders; Divico (1. 13), who had been the triumphant spirit of those times and had defeated the arms of Rome, was yet living. No doubt it was to such as Divico and the survivors of that splendid raid, no less than to revolutionists like Orgetorix, that such a project appealed with telling effect.

Orgetorix, however, as Caesar would have us believe, proceeded upon clandestine lines. It was from first to last a conspiracy, in which the public needs were made to subserve a selfish motive. The state was made the victim of one man's personal ambition. Caesar is no doubt justified in viewing the movement as impolitic even from a disinterested standpoint, doubly so from a Roman point of view. But, with regard to Orgetorix's share in the matter, Caesar may have been biased by the Helvetian's later conduct and thus have ascribed treason to his earlier acts as well. From the very obvious fact that the Helvetii were so readily induced to vote for the migration and that, after the removal of Orgetorix, they went placidly on to carry out their new policy, it may be doubted after all whether Orgetorix had been any more than a spirited enthusiast in promoting a national movement. The real trouble may have lain in this, that he was imbued with a superabundance of ambition, such that, when he was once at the helm, the temptation proved too strong for him. Here, perhaps, is where his treachery really began.

However that may be, all things played into the hands of Orgetorix. All classes were readily won over and joined with enthusiasm in a most thorough and systematic preparation, to cover no less a period than three years, and Orgetorix was practically autocrat of the situation. He assumed for himself the delicate province of negotiating in person all international arrangements. It was here that the Helvetian's ambitions ran riot. Finding the horizon of his possibilities ever widening, the regal power over his own tribe, though already assured him, was no longer sufficient. The hegemony of all Gaul was now in his mind, and, with this goal, Orgetorix, while ostensibly on public embassy to the various



tribes, succeeded, by secret conferences and intrigue, in arranging a formidable coalition with the two most prominent chieftains within his reach, Casticus of the Sequani, and Dumnorix the Haeduan. Thus, eighteen centuries before Louis le Grand Monarque, we find his forebear in Orgetorix, confusing the state with himself. It was a primitive 'drei-bund', but a 'drei-bund' of men, not of powers. Did Caesar think of the striking analogy it bore to his own *Triumvirate*?

It may be doubted whether the full force of the situation occurs to the reader at once—nay, he might fail to catch the whole intent, under the spell of Caesar's calm and deliberate narrative. He would know nothing of the consternation created at Rome by the rise of this Helvetian Dictator and the tidings of his revolutionary projects. He would never surmise the trepidation of the ever august and sublime S. P. Q. R. over the thought that the Celtic and Teutonic horror was again to be thrust upon them under the new name Helvetian. He would never guess that it must have been in great part due to dread of the impending outbreak that C. Julius Caesar himself was appointed to the Proconsulship of Gaul, the *plebs* fondly foreseeing in him a likely successor to the fame of his uncle Marius, the *optimates*, on the other hand, hoping thus to sacrifice him to the Helvetians or, at farthest, to Ariovistus the German (1. 44. 12). Yet such was the case, and such we gather from laconic Caesar's counterpart, the ebullient Cicero.

It was on the Ides of March, B. C. 60, the year after the alarm was first sounded from Helvetia, that Cicero wrote to Atticus (1. 19. 2-3), saying that the most disturbing fears were afloat regarding the Gauls (*nunc quidem Gallici versantur metus*); that, under the influence of the Helvetians, neighboring allied tribes were making inroads upon the Province; that the Senate had passed a decree, that the two consuls should draw lots for the two Gallic provinces; and, finally, that a commission with full power to act (*legati cum auctoritate*), composed of ex-consuls, should be sent to Gaul, with the express purpose of frustrating the designs of the Helvetians upon the other states. Cicero proceeds with some little elation to write how, in drawing lots, his own name came first and that of Pompeius next, but that the Senate quite unanimously (*una voce senatus frequens*) insisted on retaining both men at Rome for domestic needs.

We have no record that this legation was ever dispatched, but, at any rate, whether or not through the intervention of an embassy, the Haedui and the allies were quieted and Rome began to rest easy. Cicero, in May, following his former letter (1. 20. 5), was enabled to send the comforting news to Atticus, *otium e Gallia nuntiari*. Metellus Celer, one of the consuls, seems to have been building

hopes, afterwards realized by Caesar, upon having the proconsulship of Gaul assigned to him on the expiration of his term of office, and upon scoring a triumph there. Celer was now somewhat disappointed, writes Cicero, that the atmosphere had cleared so markedly.

But all was not going as well as could be desired; so we gather from one little sentence the orator let fall the very next month (2. 1. 11): *in Gallia speramus esse otium*. The word *speramus* confesses an alternative. Indeed, Cicero's faintly expressed hopes grew farther and farther away from realization. All things Gallic went wrong until Caesar appeared on the banks of the Rhone. Orgetorix, the 'King of Murderers', as his name is said to mean, must have been an evil augury on Roman tongues in those days.

We cannot gather from Caesar's narrative just how long Orgetorix exercised his tyranny over the Helvetians, or how soon it was that the climax of his conspiracy was reached. It may be that the 'quiet', of which Cicero wrote in his letter to Atticus, was a result of the removal of Orgetorix from the scene and of the cessation of his dangerous influence abroad. In that case, comparing the chronology of Cicero's letters, just quoted, with the more general hints given by Caesar, the death of Orgetorix must have occurred perhaps a year after the adoption of his plans. At any rate, the end came. A third chapter Caesar now devotes to this barbarian diplomat, in which he tells the story of his tragic end.

The apparent honesty of purpose on the part of the Helvetians as a people is brought out in strange contrast with the secret wiles of their demagogue. The people were horrified at the disclosure of the conspiracy. Orgetorix's treason was too flagrant to be dismissed lightly. It entailed not merely trouble in their own political circles, and a subversion of their own established régime, but dangerous international complications as well, and that too on the eve of their contemplated migration, when they could wish all things safe at home and abroad. The fox immediately became the lion. Orgetorix impeached would prove to the people his exemption from customary legislation. Recourse to armed resistance was now his play.

We cannot help feeling that the discovery of Orgetorix's treachery was timely. His latter high-handed and autocratic attitude unmasks the real man. His defiance to the law when once entrapped reveals what wreckage of his nation might have been possible if his intrigues had been carried into effect. Orgetorix relegated himself to the level of our own South American despots, who brook no honorable defeat. The Helvetian was now become the forerunner of Danton and Marat, a prototype of the mischief-workers in France's Reign of Terror.

Its remoteness and obscurity and the brevity with which Caesar narrates it tend quite naturally to minimize this great state trial among the Helvetians. It is, therefore, worth while to pause upon the scene and to give to it its proper place and force. Such events are not common. Impeachment of officials in high positions is rare and therefore momentous when it does occur. Why should not the trial of Orgetorix for high treason stand beside the great trials of the world, such as that of Marcus Manlius of Capitoline fame or of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, events which involved great national issues and shook the state to its very foundations? Only a few years after this tragedy in Helvetia, Rome, ever fruitful mother of *maiestas*, was the stage for another scene somewhat similar, when Milo was tried for the murder of Clodius, and Pompey's veterans surrounded the court, to the dismay of Cicero and the ruin of his case.

To return to the narrative, on the day of the trial, the tribunal where the high criminal stood in chains, as was the tribal custom, was surrounded by the many thousands of his slaves and clients. If we may infer correctly from the Commentaries, the court was overawed by this demonstration, and Orgetorix did not even plead his case. The magistrates proclaimed a state of martial law, gave the call to arms, and civil war was imminent, when word suddenly came that Orgetorix was dead. Caesar himself heard the rumor, current among the Helvetians, that the despot had met death by his own hand.

Orgetorix, like many another revolutionist, was at least successful in storming the annals of history. His project had failed, but his name remains. Two other historians beside Caesar were convinced that the great agitator was worthy of mention, and no one knows how many others, whose works are no longer in existence, gave him place in their pages. Orosius (6. 7. 3-4) corroborates Caesar's narrative, but Dio Cassius (38. 31) would be misleading without the countercheck of our other authorities, for he speaks broadly of Orgetorix as the leader of the Helvetian migration, and gives no hint whatever as to his conspiracy or his death. One would infer that Orgetorix remained the national leader throughout the whole story.

We wonder if Caesar did not feel and acknowledge a bond of sympathy for this barbarian autocrat. There was really much in the latter's life and actions that perfectly recalls Caesar. The restless ambition, the unbounded plans for national aggrandizement, the political compact of three men, the despotic resistance to constitutional fetters—in these features, Orgetorix and Caesar were kindred spirits. There are strong grounds for believing that the Roman was deeply impressed with the story of Orgetorix. The Helvetian question could have been presented to the reader without as much as the

mention of Orgetorix, for the national cause seems to have been but little affected by the downfall of its original leader. And if, as may be surmised, his trial and death occurred early in the history of the emigration-movement, there is even less reason for Caesar's bringing Orgetorix into the narrative. The brevity which he affects elsewhere would, it seems, have tended to eliminate from the story so remote a character as a long-since deceased nobleman, even though that nobleman had been the instigator of the issue. Caesar unconsciously turns aside to do honor to a man in whom he recognizes his own characteristics.

It has been reserved for France of the last fifteen years to develop a modern namesake of her first Orgetorix. General Boulanger offers a striking similarity to his Helvetian antecedent. In his meteoric popularity, his unscrupulous designs, his public infamy, his disgraceful flight from trial, and final suicide, the late French Minister of War strongly reflects Orgetorix.

A brilliant popular leader, a dangerous conspirator, an ugly foe to justice and law, a suicide—such was Orgetorix, the first on Caesar's roster of Gallic chieftains. Perhaps we should rejoice that, after all, he is but the villain of the preface. The real play opens with Orgetorix's successors.

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## REVIEW

*Altera Colloquia Latina*, Adapted from Erasmus and Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by G. M. Edwards. Pitt Press Series, Cambridge, England (1908). Pp. XXIV + 136.

English scholars and teachers have busied themselves more than once lately with efforts to produce books which shall make the path of the beginner in Latin smoother by setting before him for reading in Latin material more or less within the range of his personal experience. Thus P. A. Barnett has produced, in amended form, a Latin version of part of Robinson Crusoe (originally made by G. F. Goffaux; published now by Longmans, Green & Co.).

Mr. G. M. Edwards, Fellow and Lecturer of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, has published two little books based on Erasmus and known respectively as *Colloquia Latina* and *Altera Colloquia Latina*. In each book he has freely revised and abbreviated Erasmus's text, to adapt it to school use. Mr. Edwards rightly admires Erasmus's "wonderful command of the best Latin idiom and vocabulary", his "sparkling dialogue", his "graphic descriptions", and his "reflective passages often of great beauty".

In *Altera Colloquia Latina* there is an introduction (pp. VII-XXIV) on the life and times of Erasmus, which is full enough for those who will use this book. Mr. Edwards reminds us, among other things, that Erasmus, though born in Holland, spent

much of his life in England, France and Germany; since he could not speak English, French or German he used Latin as his means of communication. Through the constant use of Latin he developed an easy, natural style, became master of a rich vocabulary, and so was competent to achieve his purpose of writing familiar colloquies which should induct the student of Latin early into Latin reading without keeping him long at the drudgery of the grammar. One part, then, of Erasmus's purpose in writing his Colloquia was to supply a means of teaching Latin as a living colloquial language.

In pp. 1-50 fourteen dialogues are given. These are labelled as follows: (1) Not at home. This is based on the story given in Cicero De Oratore 2. 276 about Ennius and Scipio Nasica (consul in 191 B. C.). Mr. Edwards does not refer to this passage of Cicero, though elsewhere he is at some pains to point out the classical originals of phrases or thoughts in Erasmus. (2) Tennis. A game of court tennis is described. At one or two places the text will not be clear to American pupils, even after they have read Mr. Edwards's notes. (3) Putting the Weight. The mode of play differs from that in use today. The players make a certain *porta* their goal, and then, starting at a distant point, throw forward again and again till one hits the goal. At each new throw the player starts from the point to which his stone has rolled, not from the place where it struck. (4) Impressions of France. (5) A Country Retreat. (6) The horse-dealer outwitted, a very amusing story. (7) Inns in Germany, a lively account of practices in German hostelry. (8) The Wedding, an imaginative and dainty idyll, in which the Muses and the Graces are represented as visiting the earth to be present at the marriage of Cornelia to Peter Giles, friend of Erasmus. (9) Capping stories, a sort of amoeboean prose poem. (10) The Soldier and the Carthusian. Here a monk answers his soldier brother's jeers at his mode of life and justifies his withdrawal from the world to the seclusion of a priory. (11) The Abbot and the Learned Lady. The abbot complains because in the lady's house *librorum plena sunt omnia*, especially of Latin books, *quia non convenit ea lingua feminis*. In the ensuing argument the lady is triumphant, and concludes with the dire prediction *quare nisi caveritis vos, res eo tandem evadet ut nos praesideamus in scholis, ut contionemur in templis*, to which the abbot piously rejoins *Ista Deus avertat*. (12) The Schoolboy's Day. (13) Supper Philosophy. (14) Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis. This piece begins with the words: *Sacris quidem litteris utique prima debetur auctoritas. Sed tamen ego nonnumquam offendo quaedam scripta a veteribus tam divinitus ut putem animos illorum numen aliquod bonum agitare. Et fortasse latius se fundit spiritus Christi quam nos interpretamur et multi sunt in sodalicio sanctorum qui non sunt apud nos in ca-*

*talogo*. Then comes a quotation from Cicero's Cato Maior (§§ 83-84 *Siquis Deus largiatur . . . proficiscar*) on the immortality of the soul, which Erasmus declares that he had committed to memory. He then refers to Socrates's utterances in Plato on this same subject, and the selection concludes thus: *An opera, inquit, nostra sit probaturus Deus nescio; certe sedulo conati sumus illi placere. Est mihi tamen bona spes eum conatus nostros boni esse consulturum. Mirandus profecto animus in eo qui Christum non noverat! proinde, cum huius modi quaedam lego de talibus viris, vix mihi tempero quin dicam, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*.

Mr. Edwards's notes, so far as they go, are helpful; for American students more notes might, however, be introduced with profit. Pages 91-105 consist of General Notes on some Parts of Latin Syntax; here various uses of the cases and the moods are classified and illustrated by examples from the selections in this book. Pages 107-135 contain the vocabulary.

Taken all in all this book ought to be useful, not merely to beginners, but to more advanced students as well; the latter can use it for rapid and pleasurable reading and may well gain from it some hint of the flexibility of Latin (we hear too much of its rigidity; Plautus did not find the language rigid) and its adaptability to the expression of a wide range of modern ideas.

Since I wrote what is printed above, I have at last secured a copy of Mr. Edwards's first book, *Colloquia Latina*. Certain features of *Alter Colloquia Latina* had marked the earlier book. The Introductions of the two volumes are identical. The earlier had also contained the General Notes on Some Parts of Latin Syntax and a Vocabulary. Its 52 pages of Latin text comprises 13 dialogues, entitled as follows: On the Way to School; A Lecture on Manners; The Half-holiday; Young Athletes; Young Sportsmen; A lazy Serving-man; A Cretan Rip Van Winkle (the story of Epimenides); The Wanderer's Return; The Dinner-party; Back from the Wars; The Shipwreck; The Drive to Antwerp, or How to preserve Youth; Erasmus and his Godson, on the Art of Knowledge. Of these the Shipwreck is an extremely fine piece of writing; The Drive to Antwerp also I found very entertaining. As in the case of the later volume the notes sometimes leave points obscure on which help might have been extended. For myself I should have liked to see more notes indicating the classical sources whence Erasmus derived so much of his Latin. The perusal of Mr. Edwards's two little books has set to me to reading Erasmus again consecutively. The Latin is delightful in itself; there is the added charm that springs from coming at every turn on phrases or sentences taken bodily from the classic authors,



a charm like that which the reader of Thackeray who knows his Horace well gets from the many, many passages in which Thackeray manifestly had Horace in mind, though there is nothing in Thackeray's words to indicate this to the *profanum vulgus*.  
C. K.

#### AETAS SENESCIT Ex Ulisse Tennysoniano

En portum, socii! Navis iam vela tumescunt;  
illic oceanus latus tristisque patescit.  
O nautae, qui participes iam saepe fuistis  
mecum sudoris, rationum, omnisque pericli,  
qui laetis animis solem tonitrumque tulistis,  
omnibus in rebus fortes ac fronte serena,  
paulatim, fratres, ego vosque senescimus omnes!  
Conveniunt tamen et senibus decus atque labores.  
Terminat omnia mors; prius autem sunt facienda  
quae nos cum Divis mortales esse renisos  
nec post degenerasse per aevum testificentur.  
Vespere vix inito scintillant lumine saxa  
et, moriente die longo, nunc luna gradatim  
subsequitur; variis trepidat pelagus resonatque  
undique vocibus. Haud serum est, socii comitesque,  
solem alium stellasque novas petere atque videre.  
Solvite et e transtris pariter diffundite sulcos,  
murmura dante mari magno; nam stat mihi fixum  
navem ultra solem occiduum, qua sidera nostra  
aequore se tingunt, propellere, donec obibo.  
Forsitan irrequies nos provehat unda deorsum;  
forsitan attingamus agros sedesque beatas,  
atque virum nobis notum videamus Achillem.  
Multum perdidimus, sed adhuc multum superest quod  
perpetuet famam factorum et consiliorum  
quae per nos juvenes caelum terrasque movebant.  
Aequus inest nobis animus, fortis, generosus;  
debilitant nos fatum annique, sed usque volumus  
conari, petere ac reperire, et cedere nusquam.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

TRACY PECK

#### THE SHIP

(Horace, Carmina 1. 14)

Must the flood bear thee seaward once again,  
Poor ship? Once more attempt the troubled main?  
Nay! to the port, ere striving be in vain.  
Thine oars are broken; and the useless mast  
Too well affirms how swift the furious blast  
That from the South her might against thee cast.  
Creaking, the yard-arms dangle in the air;  
Nor may thy hull, though lapped with cordage, dare  
Billows that flout such impotent repair.  
But thou art builded of the Pontic pine?  
And thou wouldst boast thee of that famous line?  
Oh, empty boast! Oh, desperate design!  
Think, when destruction in the winged gale  
Swoops on thy flying shreds of tattered sail,  
What gods may save thee, what laments avail.  
Never would wary mariner confide  
In fair adornment of his vessel's side:  
Beware! The wind shall mock thee, and the tide.

Once my anxiety and bitterness,  
Now a deep longing and a sore distress—  
How shall my heart know quietude, unless  
Thou shun the peril of the frothing seas,  
Where only thy swift ruin could appease  
The ghastly, silver-shining Cyclades?

EDMUND BARSS

THE HOTCHKISS SCHOOL, Lakeville, Conn.

Apropos of the remarks in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY, 2. 73, concerning Secretary Root's (supposable) interest in things classical (with which I agree), it may be interesting to know that from September, 1864, for two or three years, Elihu Root taught Greek, among other subjects, in Rome Academy (Rome, N. Y.). Among his pupils was Mr. Sherman, Vice-President-elect, and my father, who was also in Rome Academy at this time, remembers witnessing a lively tussle between Mr. Root and "Jim" Sherman, whose irrepressible jollity more than once proved fatal to proper academic discipline.

New York City.

HARWOOD HOADLEY

#### A GREEK EPIGRAM

The following epigram from the Palatine Anthology (9. 560) has interest at this time. Crinagoras of Mitylene, who lived in the first half of the first century, had rebuilt his house after an earthquake in his native island, and in his brief prayer to the earthquake goddess<sup>1</sup>, gives interesting expression to ancient theories of earthquakes and to his own sensations in actual experience thereof:

Ῥιγῆλῃ πασῶν ἔνοσι, χθονὸς εἴτε σε πόντου  
εἴτ' ἀνέμων αἶραι βέρυ· τιρασσόμενον,  
οἰκία μοι ῥύου ποτευχέα· δαίμα γὰρ οὐπω  
ἄλλο τόσον γαίης οἶδ' ἐλεεινόμενης.

Earthquake, most dreaded of scourges, whatever thy cause, whether ocean's

Current or that of the winds rouse thee to motion, I pray,

Spare thou the house I have newly rebuilt, for I never knew terror

Such as I felt when the earth trembled and reeled underfoot.

H. H. YEAMES

HOBART COLLEGE, Geneva, N. Y.

The director of the Forum excavations has been visiting the ruins of Roman Africa. Thamvagadi (or Tivaad) has been generally believed to have been founded by Trajan, but Sig. Boni found that the Trajan walls were built over others, which go back to the beginning of the empire. The magnificent baths and the triumphal arch belong to the period of Trajan and the Antonines; but the library, the theater and the Capitoline temple are buildings which show characteristics of the time of Caesar or Augustus.—From *The Evening Post*, June 13, 1908.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Is not this the earliest reference to the Quaker cult?

<sup>2</sup> For a brief reference to the excavations on this site see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY, 1. 61.

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THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY is published by The Classical Association of the Atlantic States. It is issued weekly, on Saturdays, from October to May inclusive, except in weeks in which there is a legal or school holiday, at Teachers College, 525 West 120th Street, New York City.

All persons within the territory of the Association who are interested in the literature, the life and the art of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, whether actually engaged in teaching the Classics or not, are eligible to membership in the Association. Application for membership may be made to the Secretary-Treasurer, Charles Knapp, Barnard College, New York. The annual dues (which cover also the subscription to THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY), are two dollars. Within the territory covered by the Association (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia) subscription is possible to individuals only through membership. To institutions in this territory the subscription price is one dollar per year.

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